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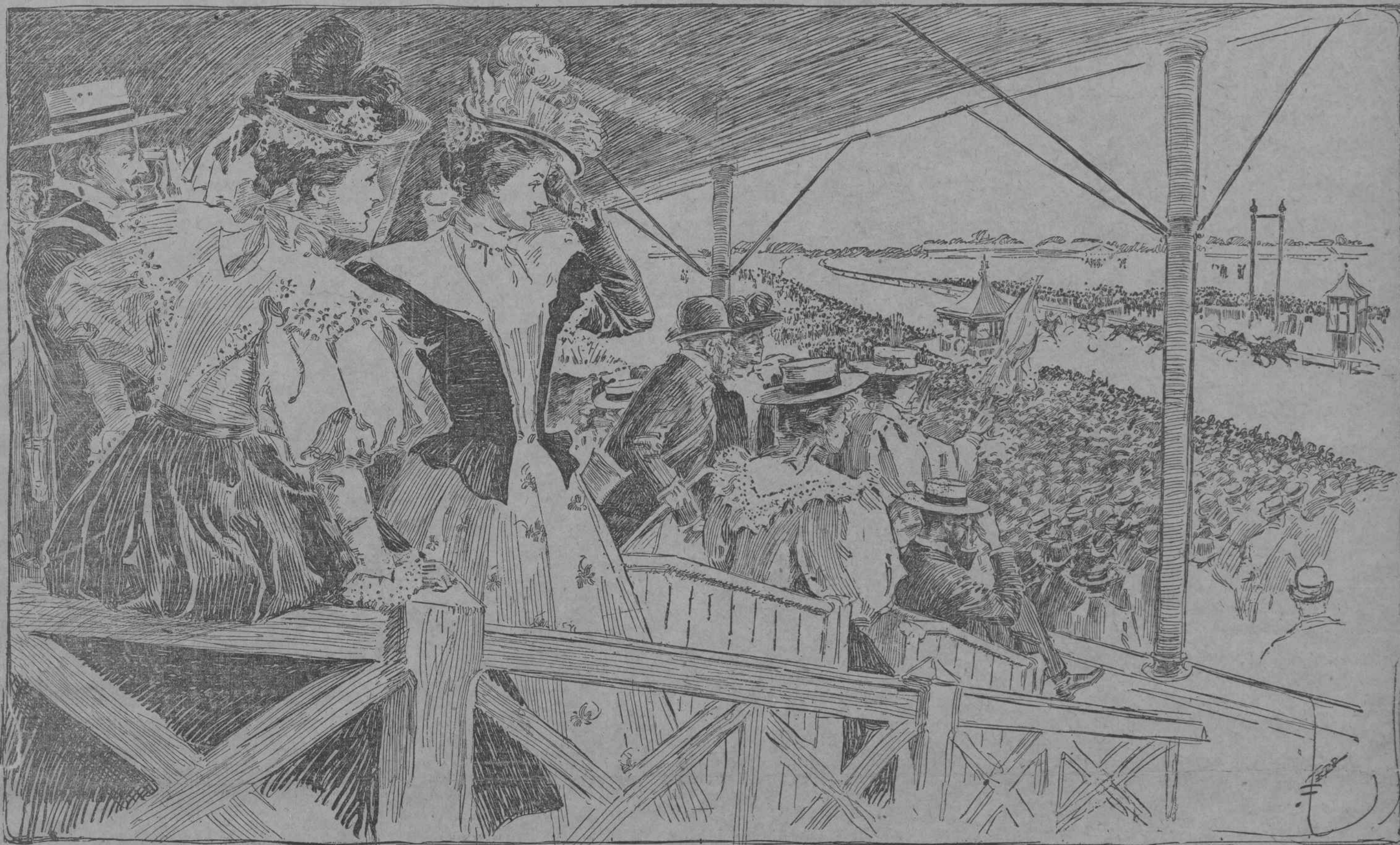
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FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1896.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

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SIR WALTER WINS!

GAME SIR WALTER HOME FIRST.

AT THE THIRD ATTEMPT THE BULLDOG SON OF MIDLOTHIAN SECURES ONE OF THE RICHEST PRIZES OF THE AMERICAN TURF.

Nature turned out a perfect day for the Brooklyn Handicap, and the racegoers of the metropolis took full advantage of it. That the favorite was beaten was only in keeping with the traditions of the race, and a more popular outsider than Sir Walter, the little horse that has been knocking at the door in so many important races during the last three years, could not be imagined. The only drawback to the result of the race was the regret that rose in many a mind that the late principal partner in the Oneck Stable, Dr. Gideon Lee Knapp, was not there to enjoy the triumph of the horse that brought him so much pleasure and profit during his short career on the turf. The shouts of the crowd had scarcely died away when visible proof was given that the Doctor is not yet forgotten. In the clubhouse a party of his old friends, led by Mr. Andrew Miller, drank with uncovered heads to his memory. The present owners of the stable are held in high esteem, but the name of Gideon Lee Knapp will always be indissolubly connected in the public mind with the Oneck Stable.

"Why, no, I had no idea of making the pace, and intended to lay up with the leaders, but when I found that we were going so slow, and that I had clear sailing I went ahead. Yes, I was lucky to win, and in my opinion Clifford is the horse that should have been first past the post, not be-

cause he was badly ridden, but because he had not free going at any stage of the game. I tell you another thing, too. I was at Sir Walter with the whip all through the last furlong, and that convinces me that what I thought before was right—that if I'd had a whip on the horse in the Metropolitan I could have won that event."

That is what Fred Tatal, the most popular, if not the most expert, of our jockeys, had to say as he stepped off the scales at Gravesend yesterday, after winning the Brooklyn Handicap with the Oneck Stable's Sir Walter. It was what nine-tenths of the spectators who had any right to form an opinion of the race thought. Every one was glad to see Sir Walter win in one sense, though, of course, it is not in human nature to part with dollars, be they many or be they few, with absolute cheerfulness. Clifford started a very warm favorite for the big race, and was beaten only a head. Could it be expected, then, that those who had wagered thousands of dollars on him, and they were many, should feel wildly enthusiastic when a horse that had been comparatively left out of calculation defeated them? Had it been St. Maxim there would have been more inducement to resignation, for the largest speculators were very evenly divided in their preference for these two horses. This is not to say that the race was a failure. Far from it, but the defeat of both the favorites naturally had

some dampening effect on the ardor of the crowd.

Society was never a feature of the Gravesend race course, and never will be so long as it remains as it is. Society will patronize racing at Morris Park and Sheepshead Bay, or even more distant Monmouth Park, but Gravesend cannot appeal to them. This was very evident yesterday, with so short a period elapsed since the close of Morris Park. Some few ladies whose names are known as members of the 400 were on hand, but they looked out of their element. The boxes at Gravesend are so arranged that the most incongruous people are necessarily placed cheek by jowl. There may be nothing offensive in a party of Theopians, but it is quite intelligible that the proximity of some of the "profess" and their attendants may not be altogether agreeable to those who are escorting a party of young girls to the races.

At Gravesend the contact is noticeable, for the partitions between the boxes are low, and the boxes are so arranged that all are massed together. Hence no one can be surprised at the absence of society from the clubhouse enclosure, but at that the grand stand itself was a blaze of color with ladies' Spring hats and dresses.

GOWNS OF GORGEOUS BLUE.
It is curious that women always seem in a much greater hurry to rush the season than men, and, while straw hats and light Summer clothes were few and far between among the sterner sex, a day toward the end of July could not have seen a greater turning out of bright colors in frocks and hats. Brooklyn is largely responsible, and always has been, for Gravesend's big crowds. To Gravesend Brooklynites will turn out when they will patronize no other race course. Those who should know say that the percentage of English blood in the inhabitants of Brooklyn is larger than in almost any other city in the Union. If so, this may account for it, as there was never a nation on the face of the globe as fond of racing as the Britishers.

But it must not be supposed that none of the Four Hundred were at hand. The males were in strong evidence, but few of them brought their wives or daughters. Mr. C. Oliver Iselin and Mrs. Iselin were on hand,



HEAD OF THE WINNER.

but they had not brought along the Defender's mascot yellow dog, whether they were afraid of losing him in the crowd or because the trip from New Rochelle to Gravesend is so much longer than that to Morris Park. Mr. E. C. Potter, Mr. Foxhall P. Keene and a few others brought their wives. Mrs. Waterbury and Miss Randolph were also present.

Mr. August Belmont was in deep consultation with his trainer, John Hyland, during a large part of the afternoon, but in spite of the fact that he was evidently

deeply engaged in laying out a plan of campaign for the meeting, his face had not lost what may be described as his Hastings smile.

Messrs. James R. Keene, F. K. Sturgis, Andrew Miller, J. H. Bradford, F. R. Hitchcock and J. G. Heckscher were among the most prominent representatives of the Jockey Club. Canadian racing was well represented by Mr. T. C. Patterson, whose face has been all too unfamiliar the last two or three years on our local race courses. Mr. J. B. Haggin was the prin-

cipal representative of the great breeders of the country present, and appeared to be fully convalesced from his late illness.

Among others that were visible in paddock or clubhouse were Messrs. John Hunter, C. Albert Stevens, E. N. Buckley, T. H. Williams, Jr., E. D. Morgan, member of the State Racing Commission; Duncan Elliott, L. G. Thompson, R. A. Alexander, H. De Courcy Forbes, Appleton Smith, J. G. Follansbee, Arthur White, Cornelius Follansbee, J. L. Kernochan, A. Clason, A. S. Post, E. Gilmore, F. T. Moorhead, F. D. Beard, E. R. Beard, W. J. Arkell, W. Rouch and, last, but not least, Evander Berry Wall.

SOME CURIOUS EQUIPAGES.

The attendance by road was large, but not exclusive. In other words, while the vehicles within the grounds were many, few of them belonged to fashionable people. Quite a number of four-in-hands turned into the gate on King's Highway, but they were almost without exception of the holiday, tall-ho type. One that re-joined in very brilliant yellow panelling and running gear was drawn by four long-tailed black horses, that palpably earned their oats, as the usual thing, by drawing funeral coaches. A few hansom cabs, a great many buggies, some country wagons and many traps of nondescript appearance completed the array which was gathered against the rails on the lower part of the homestretch.

The crowd in all was probably bigger than that of Decoration Day at Morris Park. The Gravesend grand stand and lawn are most deceptive as regards the estimation of an attendance. In the first place, the fact that the stand is a double-decker and quite deep gives no fair idea of its seating capacity. Probably fully 9,000, if not 10,000, persons saw Sir Walter's victory, and almost without exception it was a crowd of good class. The railroad facilities have been so improved since last year that this alone may do much to account for the increase in attendance over Handicap day of 1895. The arrangement by which the trains of the Fifth Avenue Elevated Railroad of Brooklyn run directly down to the course is an enormous saving in time and convenience for the ma-

jority of business men. The competition thus created should, moreover, be instrumental in inducing the managers of the other lines of approach to give a far better service, both at Gravesend and at Sheepshead Bay, than in previous years.

It was not an altogether enthusiastic crowd. Possibly it was somewhat oppressed by the very excellent clothes that it was wearing. Sir Walter's victory, it is true, was greeted with loud cheers, but where in old times you would have seen hundreds of hats flying in the air as the gallant son of Midlothian passed the post, only an occasional "dicker" was cast heavenward. This is more to be wondered at since Sir Walter has been consistently the warmest possible favorite with both the racing public and professional racing men.

TATAL LOUDLY CHEERED.

As Tatal returned to scale with the horse he received a tumultuous burst of applause and the crowd came trooping off the grand stand to surround the enclosure where the little "Dutchman" was to be weighed. But Tatal always commands applause whenever he rides a horse to any notable victory. The public appreciate his honesty and vigor, and the horse seemed to escape with comparatively little attention. As a matter of fact it had been a pretty lively day for him. Walter Rollins did not leave Morris Park with him until the morning was quite advanced, and it was half-past 1 before he reached Gravesend. During his trip on the boat, Sir Walter showed no signs of nervousness, and instead was having lots of fun all the way down, kicking up like a yearling.

When the little horse appeared on the course he was swathed in blankets, the only one of the field that was warmed up this way. He went freely and with his old-time vim, and while, of course, he was not asked to show any speed even through the stretch under such circumstances, he must have gained many admirers by the way he stepped it. There was nothing particularly noticeable in the preliminary gallops of any of the candidates. The field had during the early part of the afternoon been reduced to eight by the withdrawal of

Prominent Horsemen Express Their Opinions.

James R. Keene.

The delay at the post ruined Clifford's chances. I was delighted that Mr. Knapp's horse won. Tatal's ride was magnificent. Nothing could have been finer than his judgment of pace throughout.

John Hunter.

I think the best horse won. On the part of Tatal, it was one of the best ridden races I ever saw. Just how cleverly the horse was ridden is shown by the fact that Tatal, after forcing the pace in the first part of the journey, went on and ran the second half-mile in 50½ seconds, and maintained almost an equal rate of speed to the end.

J. G. Follansbee.

In forcing the running and at the same time maintaining an even pace, Tatal used good judgment. Delays at the post are tiresome to the public. I think they could be remedied if the starting machines were used. The apparatus proved very effective in California last winter.

John G. Heckscher.

As I watched the race my only regret was that the late Dr. Knapp was not with us to see gallant Sir Walter win. The starting was so bad as to put form all at sea. If the start had been prompt, I think Clifford would have won. Such starting mars the pleasure of a holiday.

De Courcy Forbes.

It was a fine contest, although the pleasure of it was spoiled somewhat by the long delay at the post. I think the best horse did not win. Tatal rode a good race. The winning jockey always does.

James Galway.

I was glad to see Sir Walter win, on account of the fact that he was formerly owned by the late Dr. G. Lee Knapp. At the same time, I think that Clifford would have won if the horses had not been kept so long at the post. It was one of the best ridden races I ever saw, as Tatal not only forced the running with Sir Walter, but made the pace remarkably even throughout.

Thomas H. Williams.

I thought they would finish St. Maxim, Sir Walter and Clifford, but they were turned right around the other way when they passed the judges. In my opinion, Clifford was the best horse in the race, and but for the delay at the post, nearly forty-five minutes, and the fact that he was interfered with on the first turn, I think he would have won. The other races were particularly wasteful. The starting machine will remedy all that, at least we have found it so in California, where our starts with the machine have been invariably prompt and good.

James R. Keene

John Hunter

J. G. Follansbee

John G. Heckscher

De Courcy Forbes

James Galway

Thomas H. Williams